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. . . CAST . . .

ALICE.
KING OF HEARTS.
QUEEN OF HEARTS.
KNAVE OF HEARTS.
WHITE QUEEN.
WHITE KNIGHT.
THE DUCHESS.
HUMPTY DUMPTY.
TWEEDLEDUM.
TWEEDLEDEE.
THE HATTER.
MARCH HARE.
WHITE RABBIT.
CATERPILLAR.
MOCK TURTLE.
GRYPHON.
MOUSE.
DORMOUSE.

CHESHIRE CAT.
FROG FOOTMAN.
FISH FOOTMAN.
THE LORY.
THE DODO.
DUCK.
FIRST GUINEA PIG.
SECOND GUINEA PIG.
BILL THE LIZARD.
THE COOK.
THE BABY.
PIGEON.
EXECUTIONER.
TWO OF CLUBS.
FIVE OF CLUBS.
SEVEN OF CLUBS.
FIRST OFFICER.
SECOND OFFICER.

ACT I.

Hall with table left, small door right, rather dark.

Enter RABBIT.

RABBIT (*hurriedly*). Oh, dear! oh, dear! I shall be too late (*looks at watch*). Oh, my ears and whiskers! Oh, my fur! Oh, my dear paws! How late it's getting! Oh, the Duchess! the Duchess! She will get me executed as sure as ferrets is ferrets.

Enter ALICE.

ALICE. Oh, what a fall I've had down that hole, and yet I'm not in the least hurt. I wonder how many miles I fell. I must be somewhere near the center of the earth. Let me see. That would be four thousand miles down, I think; yes, that's about the right distance, but then I wonder what latitude or longitude I've got to. I wonder if I fell right *through* the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards. The Antipathies, I think, but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia? (*curtsies*) and what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking. No, it'll never do to ask; perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere.

Now, how shall I get out? (*sees door at left, runs to it, finds it locked*). Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do? (*walks towards table, and sees key on it*). Perhaps this is the key (*takes it, runs to door, unlocks it but finds it too small, looks through the door*). Oh, what a lovely garden! How I long to get into it, and out of this dark hall, but I can't even get my head through; and even if my head would go through, it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin. So many out-of-the-way things have happened lately that I don't believe anything would be impossible (*locks the door, and saunters back to table, puts the key on it, and finds bottle on it*). It is all very well to say drink me, but am not going to do that in a hurry. No, I look first and see ether it is marked "Poison" or not. Well, it's not marked 'oison," so I taste it (*tastes*). Why, it's very nice. It tastes like

cherry tart, and custard, and pineapple, and roast turkey, and taffy, and hot buttered toast (*drinks it all*). What a curious feeling (*grows small*). I must be shutting up like a telescope. I will wait for a moment, and see if I shrink any more, for it might end in my going out altogether like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then. What does the flame of a candle look like after the candle is blown out? Well, now for the garden (*runs to door and finds it locked, returns to table for key, unable to reach it, sits down and cries*). Come, there's no use in crying like that. I advise you to leave off this minute (*sees box under table, opens it, finds cake*).

EAT ME.

Well, I'll eat it, and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens! (*anxiously eating a little*) which way! which way! (*finishes cake, and goes behind the table. Puts false figure in front of her, showing only her head, and mounts on steps behind table*).

Curiouser and curiouser; now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-by, feet. Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears. I'm sure *I* shan't be able! I shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you; you must manage the best way you can; but I must be kind to them, or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go. Let me see: I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas. They will have to go by the carrier, and how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own feet! And how odd the directions will look!

ALICE'S RIGHT FOOT, ESQ.,
Hearthrug,
near the Fender,
(with Alice's love).

Oh, dear, what nonsense I'm talking! and now I'm so tall I can't get through the door. What *shall* I do (*cries*). You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great girl like you to go on crying in that way! Stop this moment, I tell you! (*by degrees grows smaller until she is her natural height*).

Enter RABBIT.

RABBIT. Oh, my poor paws! Oh, my fur and whiskers! Oh, the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh, won't she be savage if I have kept her waiting.

ALICE. If you please, sir — (RABBIT *starts, drops gloves and fan*).

EXIT.

ALICE (*picking up glove and fan, and fanning herself*). Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! I wonder if I've been changed in the night. Let me think; was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. I'll try and say "How doth the little —" (*crosses her hands*).

"How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

"How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!"

I am sure those are not the right words. Oh, dear! (*with a burst of tears*). I do wish some one would come. I am so very tired of being here all alone.

Enter MOUSE.

ALICE (*aside*). Would it be of any use, now, to speak to this mouse? Everything is so out of the way down here, that I should think very likely it can talk; at any rate there's no harm in trying. O Mouse, do you know the way out of this hall? (*aside*). This must be the right way of addressing a mouse, for I remember in my brother's Latin grammar that it says a mouse, of a mouse, to a mouse, a mouse, O mouse (MOUSE *looks at her and winks*). Perhaps it doesn't understand English. I dare say it's a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror. Let me see, I remember one sentence in my French lesson book; perhaps he will understand that. *Où est ma chatte* (MOUSE *jumps with fright*). Oh, I beg your pardon; I quite forgot you didn't like cats.

MOUSE (*in a shrill, angry voice*). Not like cats! Would you like cats if you were me?

ALICE (*in a soothing tone*). Well, perhaps not; don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah. I think you'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing, and she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face — and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse, and she's such a capital one for catching mice — Oh, I beg your

pardon! (MOUSE *shows signs of fear*). We won't talk about her any more if you'd rather not.

MOUSE. We, indeed! (*trembling*). As if *I* would talk on such a subject! Our family always *hated* cats, nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't let me hear the name again!

ALICE. I won't indeed! (*in a great hurry to change the subject of conversation*). Are you — are you fond — of — of dogs? (*eagerly*). There is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh! such long curly brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things — I can't remember half of them — and it belongs to a farmer, you know, and he says it's so useful, it's worth a hundred pounds! He says it kills all the rats and — Oh, dear! I'm afraid I've offended it again (MOUSE *starts to go*). Mouse dear, do come back, and we won't talk about cats or dogs, either, if you don't like them.

MOUSE (*returning, with a trembling voice*). I will tell you my history, and you will understand why it is that I hate cats and dogs.

Enter LORY, EAGLET, DODO, LIZARD, AND OTHER ANIMALS (*all converse together*).

LORY (*to* ALICE). I'm older than you, and must know better.

ALICE. Well, how old are you then?

LORY. That's not your affair. I refuse to tell.

ALICE (*to* MOUSE). Why are they so wet?

MOUSE. They all slipped into a pool. Sit down all and listen to me (*all sit with* MOUSE *in the center*). I'll soon make you dry enough. Ahem! (*with an important air*), are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all round, if you please! William the Conqueror, whose cause was favored by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria —

LORY (*shivering*). Ugh!

MOUSE. I beg your pardon, did you speak?

LORY (*hastily*). Not I.

MOUSE. I thought you did. I proceed. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him; and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable —

DUCK. Found *what?*

MOUSE. Found *it;* of course you know what it means.

DUCK. I know what "it" means well enough when *I* find a thing; it's generally a frog or a worm. The question is, what did the archbishop find?

MOUSE (*hurriedly*). Found it advisable to go with Edgar Atheling to meet William and offer him the crown. William's conduct at first was moderate. But the insolence of his Normans — (*to* ALICE) How are you getting on now, my dear?

ALICE. As wet as ever; it doesn't seem to dry me at all.

DODO. In that case (*solemnly, rising to its feet*) I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies —

EAGLET. Speak English! I don't know the meaning of half those long words, and what's more, I don't believe you do either! (*birds titter*).

DODO. What I was going to say was, that the best thing to get us dry would be a Caucus race.

ALICE. What *is* a Caucus race.

DODO. The best way to explain it is to do it (*marks out a course. All run round the stage in confusion*). The race is over.

ALL (*panting*). But who has won?

DODO (*thinks*). Everybody has won.

EAGLET. But who is to give the prizes?

DODO (*pointing to* ALICE). She, of course!

ALL (*crowding round* ALICE). Prizes! Prizes!

ALICE *confused. Puts her hand in her pocket and pulls out box of comfits and hands them round one apiece.*

MOUSE. But she must have a prize herself, you know.

DODO. Of course. (*To* ALICE) What else have you got in your pocket?

ALICE (*sadly*). Only a thimble.

DODO. Hand it over here (*all crowd round the* DODO, *who solemnly presents thimble to* ALICE). We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble.

ALL *cheer. All eat comfits.*

ALL (*to the* MOUSE). Oh, please tell us something more.

ALICE. You promised to tell me your history, you know, and why it is you hate "C" and "D."

MOUSE (*turning to* ALICE *and sighs*). Mine is a long, sad tale.

ALICE. It is a long tail, certainly, but why do you call it sad?

MOUSE. You are not attending. What are you thinking of?

ALICE (*humbly*). I beg your pardon. You had got to the fifth bed, I think?

MOUSE. I had *not*.

ALICE (*looking at his tail*). A knot. Oh, do let me help to undo it.

MOUSE. I shall do nothing of the sort. You insult me by talking such nonsense.

EXIT.

ALICE. I didn't mean it. But you are so easily offended, you know. Please come back and finish your story.

LORY. What a pity it wouldn't stay. (*To* ALICE) But what is your idea of his tail? Come, now that you have offended him, you must tell us.

ALICE. Why, I think it must be something like this:—

Fury said to a mouse
That he met in the house,
"Let us both go to law;
I will prosecute you.
Come, I'll take no denial;
We must have a trial,
For, really, this morning
I've nothing to do."
Said the mouse to the cur,
"Such a trial, dear sir,
With no jury or judge,
Would be wasting our breath."
"I'll be judge, I'll be jury,"
Said cunning old Fury;
"I'll try the whole cause,
And condemn you to death."

(*All dance.*) (*Curtain.*)

(END OF ACT I.)

ACT II.

SCENE I. WOOD SCENE.

Mushroom with CATERPILLAR *smoking on it,* ALICE.

CATERPILLAR (*after looking at* ALICE *for some time*). Who are *you?*

ALICE (*rather shyly*). I — I hardly know, sir, just at present — at least I know who I *was* when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.

CATERPILLAR. What do you mean by that? (*sternly*). Explain yourself!

ALICE. I can't explain *myself*, I'm afraid, sir, because I'm not myself, you see.

CATERPILLAR. I don't see.

ALICE. I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly, for I can't understand it myself, to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.

CATERPILLAR. It isn't.

ALICE. Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet, but when you have to turn into a chrysalis — you will some day, you know — and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?

CATERPILLAR. Not a bit.

ALICE. Well, perhaps your feelings may be different. All I know is, it would feel very queer to *me.*

CATERPILLAR. You! (*contemptuously*). Who are *you?*

ALICE (*irritated, drawing herself up very gravely*). I think you ought to tell me who *you* are, first.

CATERPILLAR. Why?

ALICE, *offended, turns to go.*

CATERPILLAR. Come back! I've something important to say. (ALICE *returns.*) Keep your temper!

ALICE. Is that all?

CATERPILLAR. No (*smokes for some time, then takes his hooker from his mouth and unfolds his arms*). So you think you're changed, do you?

ALICE. I'm afraid I am, sir. I can't remember things as I used, and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together.

CATERPILLAR. Can't remember *what* things?

ALICE. Well, I've tried to say, "How Doth the Little Busy Bee," but it all came different!

CATERPILLAR. Repeat "You Are Old, Father William."

ALICE (*repeats*).

"'You are old, father William,' the young man said,
'And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'

"'In my youth' father William replied to his son,
'I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.'

"'You are old,' said the youth, 'as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray what is the reason of that?'

"'In my youth,' said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
'I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple.'

"'You are old,' said the youth, 'and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak:
Pray, how did you manage to do it?'

"'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life.'

"'You are old,' said the youth; 'one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?'

"'I have answered three questions, and that is enough,'
Said his father; 'don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!'"

CATERPILLAR. That is not right.

ALICE. Not quite right, I'm afraid; some of the words have got altered.

CATERPILLAR. It is wrong from beginning to end (*long pause*). Do you like singing?

ALICE. When it's good.

CATERPILLAR. You mean you would like to hear me sing?

ALICE (*doubtfully*). Yes.

CATERPILLAR. Then listen and don't interrupt (*sings*).

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
  Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
  And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
  The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
  The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
  Long time the manxome foe he sought —
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
  And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
  The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tugley wood,
  And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
  The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
  He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
  Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
  He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
  Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
  And the mome raths outgrabe.

ALICE. ~~It seems~~ very pretty, but it's *rather* hard to understand!

CATERPILLAR (*stops smoking, yawns, gets down from the mushroom,*

and crawls away). One side will make you grow taller, and one side will make you grow shorter.

ALICE. One side of what?

CATERPILLAR. Of the mushroom, stupid.

EXIT.

ALICE *takes a piece in each hand and begins to eat.*

ALICE. I'm growing taller (*runs behind mushroom, and comes out on the other side taller, and runs off stage, her head reappearing above the trees*).

PIGEON (*among the trees*). Serpent!

ALICE. I'm *not* a serpent! (*indignantly*). Let me alone!

PIGEON. Serpent, I say again! I've tried every way, and nothing seems to suit them!

ALICE. I haven't the least idea what you're talking about.

PIGEON. I've tried the roots of trees, and I've tried banks, and I've tried hedges, but those serpents! There's no pleasing them! As if it wasn't trouble enough hatching the eggs, but I must be on the look-out for serpents night and day! Why, I haven't had a wink of sleep these three weeks!

ALICE. I'm very sorry you've been annoyed.

PIGEON. And just as I'd taken the highest tree in the wood (*raising its voice to a shriek*), and just as I was thinking I should be free of them at last, they must needs come wriggling down from the sky! Ugh! Serpent!

ALICE. But I'm *not* a serpent, I tell you! I'm a — I'm a —

PIGEON. Well! *What* are you? I can see you're trying to invent something!

ALICE. I — I'm a little girl.

PIGEON. A likely story indeed! I've seen a good many little girls in my time, but never *one* with such a neck as that! No, no! You're a serpent, and there's no use denying it. I suppose you'll be telling me next that you never tasted an egg!

ALICE. I *have* tasted eggs, certainly, but little girls eat eggs quite as much as serpents do, you know.

PIGEON. I don't believe it; but if they do, why, then they're a kind of serpent, that's all I can say. You're looking for eggs, I know *that* well enough; and what does it matter to me whether you're a little girl or a serpent?

ALICE. It matters a good deal to *me;* but I'm not looking for eggs, as it happens; and if I was, I shouldn't want *yours;* I don't like them raw.

PIGEON. Well, be off, then!

Exit ALICE *and* PIGEON.

SCENE II. THE SAME.

ALICE, TWEEDLEDUM, *and* TWEEDLEDEE.

ALICE *gazes at* TWEEDLEDEE *and* TWEEDLEDUM.

TWEEDLEDUM. If you think we're waxworks, you ought to pay, you know. Waxworks weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise, if you think we're alive, you ought to speak.

ALICE. I'm sure I'm very sorry. (*Aside*) The words of the old song keep running through my ear like the ticking of a clock (*repeats*).

"Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

"Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As black as a tar barrel;
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel."

TWEEDLEDUM. I know what you're thinking about, but it isn't so, nohow.

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise, if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic.

ALICE. I was thinking (*politely*) which is the best way out of this wood; it's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please? (TWEEDLEDUM *and* TWEEDLEDEE *grin at each other.* ALICE *points at* TWEEDLEDUM). First Boy!

TWEEDLEDUM. Nohow (*shuts his mouth with a snap*).

ALICE. Next boy!

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise.

TWEEDLEDUM. You've begun wrong! The first thing in a visit is to say "How d'ye do?" and shake hands! (TWEEDLEDUM *and* TWEEDLEDEE *give each other a hug, and hold out their hands to* ALICE, *who hesitates which one to shake first, and finally takes both at a time, and all three dance and sing,* "*Here we go round the mulberry bush.*"

TWEEDLEDUM. Four times round is enough for one dance.

ALICE (*aside*). What shall I say to them? It would never do say "How d'ye do?" to people that you have just been dancing wit We seem to have got beyond that, somehow. I hope you are n much tired?

TWEEDLEDUM. Nohow. And thank you *very* much for asking.

TWEEDLEDEE. So *much* obliged! You like poetry?

ALICE. Ye-es, pretty well — *some* poetry. Would you tell I which road leads out of the wood?

TWEEDLEDEE. What shall I repeat to her?

TWEEDLEDUM. "The Walrus and the Carpenter" is the longe (*gives his brother an affectionate hug*).

TWEEDLEDEE. "The sun was shining — "

ALICE. Would you please tell me first which road —

TWEEDLEDEE (*smiles and repeats*).

"The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

"The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
'It's very rude of him,' she said,
'To come and spoil the fun!'

"The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky;
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

"The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand.
'If this were only cleared away,'
They said, 'it would be grand!'

"'If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,

'Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,
'That they could get it clear?'
'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"'O Oysters, come and walk with us!'
The Walrus did beseech.
'A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach;
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.

"The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said;
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

"But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

"Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

"The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low,
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings.'

"'But wait a bit,' the Oysters cried,
'Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!'
'No hurry!' said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"'A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,
'Is what we chiefly need;
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.'

"'But not on us!' the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
'After such kindness that would be
A dismal thing to do!'
'The night is fine,' the Walrus said,
'Do you admire the view?

"'It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!'
The Carpenter said nothing but
'Cut us another slice;
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice!'

"'It seems a shame,' the Walrus said,
'To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!'
The Carpenter said nothing but
'The butter's spread too thick!'

"'I weep for you,' the Walrus said;
'I deeply sympathize.'
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"'O Oysters,' said the Carpenter,
'You've had a pleasant run!

Shall we be trotting home again?'
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one."

ALICE. I like the Walrus best, because you see he was a *little* sorry for the poor Oysters.

TWEEDLEDEE. He ate more than the Carpenter, though. You see he held his handkerchief in front, so that the Carpenter couldn't count how many he took. Contrariwise.

ALICE. That was mean! (*indignantly*). Then I like the Carpenter best — if he didn't eat so many as the Walrus.

TWEEDLEDUM. But he ate as many as he could get.

ALICE. Well! They were *both* very unpleasant. (*Grows dark.*) At any rate I'd better be getting out of the wood, for really it's coming on very dark. Do you think it's going to rain?

TWEEDLEDUM (*spreads a large umbrella over himself and his brother, and looks up into it*). No, I don't think it is, at least — not under *here*. Nohow.

ALICE. But it may rain *outside?*

TWEEDLEDEE. It may — if it chooses, we've no objection. Contrariwise.

ALICE. Selfish things! (TWEEDLEDUM *springs out from under the umbrella and seizes her by the wrist*).

TWEEDLEDUM. Do you see *that?* (*voice choking with passion, points at rattle on the ground*).

ALICE. It's only a rattle. Not a rattle-*snake*, you know, only an old rattle, quite old and broken.

TWEEDLEDUM. I knew it was (*stamps about wildly and tears his hair*). It's spoilt, of course (*looks at* TWEEDLEDEE, *who sits down, and trys to hide under the umbrella*).

ALICE (*lays her hand on* TWEEDLEDUM'S *arm, speaks in a soothing tone*). You needn't be so angry about an old rattle.

TWEEDLEDUM. But it isn't old! It's new, I tell you — I bought it yesterday — my nice NEW RATTLE! (*Tweedledee tries to fold himself up in the umbrella*).

TWEEDLEDUM. Of course you agree to have a battle, Tweedledee?

TWEEDLEDEE (*sulkily*). I suppose so (*tries to crawl out of the umbrella*), only she must help us to dress up, you know.

Exit TWEEDLEDUM *and* TWEEDLEDEE.

Reenter TWEEDLEDUM *and* TWEEDLEDEE *with their arms full.* ALICE *puts bolster round the neck of* TWEEDLEDEE.

TWEEDLEDEE. This is to keep my head from being cut off (*gravely*). You know it's one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle — to get one's head cut off.

ALICE *laughs, but turns it into a cough.*

TWEEDLEDUM. Do I look very pale? (*hands* ALICE *a helmet, which she ties on*).

ALICE. Well—yes—a—little.

TWEEDLEDUM, I'm very brave generally, only to-day I happen to have a headache.

TWEEDLEDEE. And *I've* got a toothache! I'm far worse than you!

ALICE. Then you'd better not fight to-day.

TWEEDLEDUM. We *must* have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long. What's the time now?

TWEEDLEDEE (*looks at his watch*). Half past four.

TWEEDLEDUM. Let's fight till six, and then have dinner.

TWEEDLEDEE. Very well; and *she* can watch us — only you'd better not come *very* close. I generally hit everything I can see — when I get really excited.

TWEEDLEDUM. And *I* hit everything within reach, whether I can see it or not!

ALICE (*laughing*). You must hit the *trees* pretty often, I should think.

TWEEDLEDUM (*with a satisfied smile*). I don't suppose there'll be a tree left standing for ever so far round, by the time we've finished!

ALICE. And all about a rattle!

TWEEDLEDUM. I shouldn't have minded it so much if it hadn't been a new one.

ALICE (*aside*). I wish the monstrous crow would come!

TWEEDLEDUM. There's only one sword, you know; but you can have the umbrella — it's quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It's getting as dark as it can.

TWEEDLEDEE. And darker (*grows suddenly dark*).

ALICE. What a thick black cloud that is! And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it's got wings!

TWEEDLEDUM (*with alarm*). It's the crow.

Exit TWEEDLEDUM *and* TWEEDLEDEE; *grows very dark, and a sound of wind, then grows light. A shawl blows onto the stage which* ALICE *catches.*

ALICE. Why, whose shawl is this? (*Enter* WHITE QUEEN *with*

both arms outspread. ALICE *advances towards her and offers her the shawl and helps her put it on).* I'm very glad I happened to be in the way. (WHITE QUEEN *looks at her and repeats something in a whisper to herself.*)

ALICE (*timidly*). Am I addressing the White Queen ?

WHITE QUEEN. Well, yes, if you call that a-dressing. It isn't *my* notion of the thing at all.

ALICE (*aside*). It will never do to have an argument at the very beginning of a conversation. (*Aloud*) If your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin, I'll do it as well as I can.

WHITE QUEEN. But I don't want it done at all! I've been a-dressing myself for the last two hours.

ALICE (*aside*). It seems to me it would have been better if you had got some one else to dress you, you are so dreadfully untidy. Everything is crooked, and you are all over pins. (*Aloud*) May I put your shawl straight for you ?

WHITE QUEEN (*in a melancholy voice*). I don't know what's the matter with it! It's out of temper, I think. I've pinned it here, and I've pinned it there, but there's no pleasing it!

ALICE. It *can't* go straight, you know, if you pin it all on one side; and dear me, what a state your hair is in!

WHITE QUEEN. The brush has got entangled in it! (*sighs*). And I lost the *comb* yesterday.

ALICE (*takes out brush, fixes hair*). Come, you look rather better now! But really you should have a lady's maid!

WHITE QUEEN. I'm sure I'll take you with pleasure! Twopence a week, and jam every other day.

ALICE (*laughing*). I don't want you to hire *me ;* and I don' t care for jam!

WHITE QUEEN. It's very good jam.

ALICE. Well, I don't want any *to-day,* at any rate.

WHITE QUEEN. You couldn't have it if you *did* want it. The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday — but never jam to-day.

ALICE. It *must* come sometimes to jam to-day.

WHITE QUEEN. No, it can't. It's jam every *other* day; to-day isn't any *other* day, you know.

ALICE. I don't understand you. It's dreadfully confusing!

WHITE QUEEN. That's the effect of living backwards; it always makes one a little giddy at first—

ALICE (*astonished*). Living backwards! I never heard of such a thing!

WHITE QUEEN. But there's one great advantage in it, that one's memory works both ways.

ALICE. I'm sure *mine* only works one way. I can't remember things before they happen.

WHITE QUEEN. It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards.

ALICE. What sort of things do *you* remember best?

WHITE QUEEN. Oh, things that happened the week after next. For instance, now (*sticking a large piece of plaster on her finger*), there's the King's Messenger. He's in prison now, being punished; and the trial doesn't even begin till next Wednesday; and of course the crime comes last of all.

ALICE. Suppose he never commits the crime?

WHITE QUEEN. That would be all the better, wouldn't it? (*binds plaster round her finger with a ribbon*).

ALICE. Well, I can't deny *that*. Of course it would be all the better, but it wouldn't be all the better his being punished.

WHITE QUEEN. You're wrong *there*, at any rate; were *you* ever punished?

ALICE. Only for faults.

WHITE QUEEN. And you were all the better for it, I know! (*triumphantly*).

ALICE. Yes, but then I *had* done the things I was punished for; that makes all the difference.

WHITE QUEEN. But if you *hadn't* done them, that would have been better still; better, and better, and better!

ALICE. There's a mistake somewhere.

WHITE QUEEN. Oh, oh, oh! (*shaking her hand*). My finger's bleeding! Oh, oh, oh, oh!

ALICE (*holds her hands over her ears*). What *is* the matter? Have you pricked your finger?

WHITE QUEEN. I haven't pricked it *yet*, but I soon shall — oh, oh, oh!

ALICE. When do you expect to do it?

WHITE QUEEN. When I fasten my shawl again (*groans*) the brooch will come undone directly. Oh, oh! (QUEEN *clutches her brooch, which comes off.*)

ALICE. Take care! You're holding it all crooked!

WHITE QUEEN (*pricks her finger*). That accounts for the bleeding, you see. Now you understand the way things happen here.

ALICE. But why don't you scream now? (*holds her hands ready to put over her ears again*).

WHITE QUEEN. Why, I've done all the screaming already. What would be the good of having it all over again?

ALICE. I am so glad it is light again.

WHITE QUEEN. I wish *I* could manage to be glad! Only I never can remember the rule. You must be very happy, living in this wood, and being glad whenever you like!

ALICE. Only it is so *very* lonely here! (*in a melancholy voice, beginning to cry*).

WHITE QUEEN. Oh, don't go on like that! Consider what a great girl you are. Consider what a long way you've come to-day. Consider what o'clock it is. Consider anything, only don't cry!

ALICE (*laughing*). Can *you* keep from crying by considering things?

WHITE QUEEN. That's the way it's done; nobody can do two things at once, you know. Let's consider your age to begin with; how old are you?

ALICE. I'm ten and a half exactly.

WHITE QUEEN. You need't say "exactually." I can believe it without that. Now I'll give *you* something to believe. I'm just one hundred and one, five months and a day.

ALICE. I can't believe *that!*

WHITE QUEEN. Can't you? (*in a pitying tone*). Try again; draw a long breath, and shut your eyes.

ALICE. There's no use trying, one *can't* believe impossible things.

WHITE QUEEN. I dare say you haven't had much practise. When I was your age, I always did it for half an hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. But here comes the White Knight!

Enters WHITE KNIGHT *on a horse, and, as the horse stops, he tumbles off.* ALICE *helps him up and gazes at him in amazement.*

WHITE KNIGHT. I see you're admiring my little box. It's my own invention — to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside down, so that the rain can't get in.

ALICE. But the things can get *out.* Do you know the lid's open?

WHITE KNIGHT. I didn't know it. Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them (*takes off box and is about to throw it away when a thought strikes him, and he hangs it on a tree*). Can you guess why I did that?

WHITE QUEEN *and* ALICE. No.

WHITE KNIGHT. In hopes some bees may make a nest in it — then I should get the honey.

ALICE. But you've got a beehive — or something like one — fastened to the saddle.

WHITE KNIGHT. Yes, it's a very good beehive (*discontentedly*), one of the best kind. But not a single bee has come near it yet. And the other thing is a mouse trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out — or the bees keep the mice out, I don't know which.

ALICE. I was wondering what the mouse trap was for. It isn't very likely there would be any mice on the horse's back.

WHITE KNIGHT. Not very likely, perhaps; but if they *do* come, I don't choose to have them running all about. You see, it's as well to be provided for *everything*. That's the reason the horse has all those anklets round his feet.

ALICE. But what are they for?

WHITE KNIGHT. To guard against the bites of sharks. It's an invention of my own. And now help me on.

WHITE QUEEN. And he'll soon be off. (ALICE *helps him on, he falls off on the other side, and vice versa*).

ALICE. I am afraid you've not had much practise in riding.

WHITE KNIGHT (*getting on with* ALICE'S *help, and holding on to her hair*). What makes you say that?

ALICE. Because people don't fall off quite so often when they've had much practice.

WHITE KNIGHT. I've had plenty of practise, plenty of practise!

ALICE. Indeed!

WHITE KNIGHT. The great art of riding (*moving his arms*) is to keep — (*tumbles off*).

ALICE. I hope no bones are broken.

WHITE KNIGHT. None to speak of (*is helped onto horse again*). The great art of riding, as I was saying, is — to keep your balance properly. Like this, you know — (*tumbles off and is helped up*) plenty of practise, plenty of practise (*long pause*). I'm a great hand at inventing things. Now, I dare say you noticed, the last time you picked me up, that I was looking rather thoughtful?

ALICE. You *were* a little grave.

WHITE KNIGHT. Well, just then I was inventing a new way of getting over a gate. Would you like to hear it?

ALICE. Very much, indeed.

WHITE KNIGHT. I'll tell you how I came to think of it. You see, I said to myself, "The only difficulty is with the feet; the *head* is high enough already." Now, first I put my head on the top of the gate — then the head's high enough — then I stand on my head — then the feet are high enough, you see — then I'm over, you see.

ALICE. Yes, I suppose you'd be over when that was done, but don't you think it would be rather hard?

WHITE KNIGHT. I haven't tried it yet, so I can't tell for certain

— but I'm afraid it *would* be a little hard (*pause*). The cleverest thing of the sort that I ever did, was inventing a new pudding during the meat course.

ALICE. In time to have it cooked for the next course? Well, that *was* quick work, certainly!

WHITE KNIGHT. Well, not the *next* course; no, certainly not the next *course*.

ALICE. Then it would have to be the next day. I suppose you wouldn't have two pudding courses in one dinner?

WHITE KNIGHT. Well, not the *next* day, not the next *day*. In fact, I don't believe that pudding ever was cooked. In fact, I don't believe that pudding ever *will* be cooked! And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent.

ALICE. What did you mean it to be made of?

WHITE KNIGHT. It began with blotting paper.

ALICE. That wouldn't be very nice, I'm afraid —

WHITE KNIGHT. Not very nice *alone;* but you've no idea what a difference it makes, mixing it with other things — such as gunpowder and sealing wax. But you are sad; let me sing you a song to comfort you.

ALICE. Is it very long?

WHITE KNIGHT. It's long, but its very, *very* beautiful. Everybody that hears me sing it — either it brings the *tears* into their eyes, or else —

ALICE. Or else what?

WHITE KNIGHT. Or else it doesn't, you know. The name of the song is called "Haddocks' Eyes."

ALICE. Oh, that's the name of the song, is it?

WHITE KNIGHT. No, you don't understand. That's what the name is *called.* The name really *is* "The Aged Aged Man."

ALICE. Then I ought to have said, "That's what the *song* is called"?

WHITE KNIGHT. No, you oughtn't; that's quite another thing! The *song* is called "Ways and Means"; but that's only what it's *called,* you know!

ALICE. Well, what *is* the song, then?

WHITE KNIGHT. I was coming to that. The song really *is* "A-sitting on a Gate," and the tune's my own invention (*thinks, and then begins to weep. To* WHITE QUEEN). You know it, please sing it for her. I'm too much moved to sing it to-day.

WHITE QUEEN. Oh, very well (*sings*).

" I'll tell thee everything I can;
There's little to relate.
I saw an aged aged man,
A-sitting on a gate.
'Who are you, aged man,' I said,
'And how is it that you live?'
And his answer trickled through my head
Like water through a sieve.

" He said, 'I look for butterflies,
That sleep among the wheat;
I make them into mutton pies,
And sell them in the street.
I sell them unto men,' he said,
'Who sail on stormy seas;
And that's the way I get my bread —
A trifle, if you please.'

" But I was thinking of a plan
To dye one's whiskers green,
And always use so large a fan
That they could not be seen.
So, having no reply to give
To what the old man said,
I cried, 'Come, tell me how you live!'
And thumped him on the head.

" His accents mild took up the tale:
He said, 'I go my ways,
And when I find a mountain rill,
I set it in a blaze;
And thence they make a stuff they call
Rowlands' Macassar Oil —
Yet twopence-halfpenny is all
They give me for my toil.

" 'But I was thinking of a way
To feed oneself on batter,
And so go on from day to day.
Getting a little fatter.'

" I shook him well from side to side,
Until his face was blue;

Come, tell me how you live,' I cried,
'And what it is you do.'
He said, 'I hunt for Haddocks' eyes
Among the heather bright,
And work them into waistcoat buttons
In the silent night.

"'And these I do not sell for gold
Or coin of silvery shine,
But for a copper halfpenny,
And that will purchase nine.

"'I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
Or set limed twigs for crabs;
I sometimes search the grassy knolls
For wheels of Hansom-cabs.
And that's the way' (he gave a wink)
'By which I get my wealth —
And very gladly will I drink
Your Honor's noble health.'

"I heard him then, for I had just
Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.
I thanked him much for telling me
The way he got his wealth,
But chiefly for his wish that he
Might drink my noble health.

"And now, if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe,
Or if I drop upon my toe
A very heavy weight,
I weep, for it reminds me so
Of that old man I used to know —
Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow,
Whose hair was whiter than the snow,
Whose face was very like a crow,
With eyes like cinders, all aglow,
Who seemed distracted with his woe,
Who rocked his body to and fro,

And muttered mumblingly and low,
As if his mouth were full of dough,
Who snorted like a buffalo —
That summer evening long ago,
A-sitting on a gate."

Curtain.

(END OF ACT II.)

ACT III.

SCENE I. WOOD SCENE, WITH COTTAGE AT BACK.

Enter FISH FOOTMAN, *goes to door and knocks, door opened by* FROG FOOTMAN.

FISH FOOTMAN (*producing large letter*). For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet.

FROG FOOTMAN. From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet (*both bow low*).

Exit FISH FOOTMAN.

FROG FOOTMAN *leaves letter in house, then returns and dances, ending suddenly and sitting down left.*

Enter ALICE, *who goes to door and knocks.*

FROG FOOTMAN. There's no sort of use in knocking, and that for two reasons. First, because I'm on the same side of the door as you are; secondly, because they're making such a noise inside, no one could possibly hear you (*noise inside, howling, sneezing, etc.*)

ALICE. Please, then, how am I to get in?

FROG FOOTMAN (*gazing at the sky*). There might be some sense in your knocking, if we had the door between us. For instance, if you were *inside*, you might knock, and I could let you out, you know.

ALICE (*aside*). But at any rate he might answer questions. How am I to get in?

FROG FOOTMAN. I shall sit here till to-morrow — (*at this moment the door of the house opens, and a large plate comes skimming out, straight at the* FOOTMAN'S *head; it just grazes his nose, and breaks to pieces against one of the trees behind him*) — or next day, maybe.

ALICE. How am I to get in?

FROG FOOTMAN. *Are* you to get in at all? That's the first question, you know.

ALICE. It's really dreadful, the way all the creatures argue. It's enough to drive one crazy!

FROG FOOTMAN. I shall sit here, on and off, for days and days.

ALICE. But what am *I* to do?

FROG FOOTMAN. Anything you like (*whistling*).

ALICE. Oh, there's no use in talking to him; he's perfectly idiotic! (*opens door and goes in*).

(END OF SCENE I.)

SCENE II. KITCHEN, DUCHESS, COOK, BABY, CAT.

Enter ALICE (*all sneeze except* COOK *and* CAT).

ALICE (*aside*). There is certainly too much pepper in that soup (*sneezes*). Please would you tell me why your cat grins like that?

DUCHESS. It's a Cheshire cat, and that's why. Pig!

ALICE. I didn't know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn't know that cats *could* grin.

DUCHESS. They all can, and most of 'em do.

ALICE. I don't know of any that do.

DUCHESS. You don't know much, and that's a fact (*the* COOK *takes the cauldron of soup off the fire, and at once sets to work throwing everything within her reach at the* DUCHESS *and the* BABY — *the fire irons come first; then follows a shower of saucepans, plates, and dishes. The* DUCHESS *takes no notice of them, even when they hit her; and the* BABY *continues to howl*).

ALICE. Oh, *please* mind what you're doing! (*jumping up and down in an agony of terror.*) Oh, there goes his *precious* nose!

DUCHESS. If everybody minded their own business, the world would go round a deal faster than it does.

ALICE. Which would *not* be an advantage. Just think what work it would make with the day and night! You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn round on its axis —

DUCHESS. Talking of axes, chop off her head!

ALICE. Twenty-four hours, I *think*; or is it twelve? I —

DUCHESS. Oh, don't bother *me*. I never could abide figures (*nursing her child again, singing*).

"Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes;
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases."

CHORUS

(*in which the* COOK *and the* BABY *joined*)

"Wow! wow! wow!

"I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!"

CHORUS.

"Wow! wow! wow!"

To ALICE) Here, you may nurse it a bit if you like (*flings* BABY *to* ALICE, *exit while the* COOK *throws pan at her, the* BABY *howls, and every one sneezes*).

SCENE III. WOOD SCENE.

ALICE. Well, to think of it! After all the trouble I took to carry that baby away, so that it wouldn't be hurt to have it turn into a pig, and run away in that ungrateful way. Well, I suppose if it had grown up it would have made a dreadfully ugly child, and I must say it made rather a handsome pig (*enter* CAT *in the trees, who looks at* ALICE *and grins*).

ALICE (*timidly, aside*). I suppose it ought to be treated with respect. (*Aloud*) Cheshire Puss (CAT *grins*). (*Aside*) Come, it's pleased so far. (*Aloud*) Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to walk from here?

CAT. That depends a good deal on where you want to get to.

ALICE. I don't much care where —

CAT. Then it doesn't matter which way you walk.

ALICE. So long as I get *somewhere*.

CAT. Oh, you're sure to do that, if you only walk long enough.

ALICE. What sort of people live about here?

CAT. In *that* direction (*waving its right paw round*) lives a Hatter; and in *that* direction (*waving the other paw*) lives a March Hare. Visit either you like; they're both mad.

ALICE. But I don't want to go among mad people.

CAT. Oh, you can't help that; we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.

ALICE. How do you know I'm mad?

CAT. You must be, or you wouldn't have come here.

ALICE. And how do you know that you're mad?

CAT. To begin with, a dog's not mad. You grant that?

ALICE. I suppose so.

CAT. Well, then, you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now *I* growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore, I'm mad.

ALICE. *I* call it purring, not growling.

CAT. Call it what you like. Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?

ALICE. I should like it very much, but I haven't been invited yet.

CAT. You'll see me there (*vanishes and suddenly appears again*). By the bye, what became of the baby? I'd nearly forgotten to ask.

ALICE. It turned into a pig.

CAT. I thought it would (*vanishes*).

ALICE (*to herself*). I've seen hatters before; the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps, as this is May, it won't be raving mad — at least not so mad as it was in March.

CAT (*reappearing*). Did you say pig, or fig?

ALICE. I said pig, and I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly; you make one quite giddy.

CAT. All right (*vanishes slowly, grin last*).

Enter WHITE QUEEN.

WHITE QUEEN. Why, child, what are you doing here now? Look up, speak nicely, and don't twiddle your fingers.

ALICE. I've lost my way.

WHITE QUEEN. I don't know what you mean by *your* way; all the ways about here belong to *me* — but why did you come out here at all? Curtsey while you're thinking what to say. It saves time.

ALICE (*aside*). I'll try it when I go home; the next time I'm a little late for dinner.

WHITE QUEEN. It's time for you to answer now (*looking at her watch*); open your mouth a *little* wider when you speak.

ALICE. I only wanted to see what the wood was like.

WHITE QUEEN. That's right, though when you say wood — I've seen wood, compared with which this would be an open field.

ALICE. And I thought I'd try and find my way to the top of that hill —

WHITE QUEEN. When you say "hill," *I* could show you hills, in comparison with which you'd call that a valley.

ALICE. No, I shouldn't; a hill *can't* be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense.

WHITE QUEEN (*shakes her head*). You may call it "nonsense" if you like, but *I've* heard nonsense, compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary!

ALICE (*after a pause*). Please would you tell me?

WHITE QUEEN. Speak when you're spoken to!

ALICE. But if everybody obeyed that rule, and *if* you only spoke

When you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for *you* to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that—

WHITE QUEEN. Ridiculous! Why, don't you see, child — (*breaks off suddenly, and thinks for a minute*). What do you mean by if every one obeyed that rule? You know nothing, as far as I can see, and you must have an examination to prove it. The sooner we begin it the better.

ALICE (*piteously*). I only said "if"—

WHITE QUEEN. But you said a great deal more than "if." Always speak the truth; think before you speak, and write it down afterwards.

ALICE. I am sure I didn't mean —

WHITE QUEEN. That's just what I complain of! You *should* have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning — and a child's more important than a joke, I hope. You couldn't deny that, even if you tried with both hands.

ALICE. I don't deny things with my *hands*.

WHITE QUEEN. Nobody said you did. I said you couldn't if you tried. (*Aside*) She's in that state of mind that she wants to deny *something* — only she doesn't know what to deny! A nasty, vicious temper; but I dare say you've not had many lessons in manners yet?

ALICE. Manners are not taught in lessons. Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort.

WHITE QUEEN. Can you do addition? What's one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?

ALICE. I don't know. I lost count.

WHITE QUEEN. She can't do addition. Can you do subtraction? Take nine from eight.

ALICE. Nine from eight I can't, you know, but—

WHITE QUEEN. She can't do subtraction. Can you do division? Divide a loaf by a knife — what's the answer to that?

ALICE. I suppose —

WHITE QUEEN (*interrupting*). Bread and butter, of course. Try another subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog — what remains?

ALICE (*considering*). The bone wouldn't remain, of course, if I took it — and the dog wouldn't remain; it would come to bite me and I'm sure *I* shouldn't remain!

WHITE QUEEN. Then you think nothing would remain?

ALICE. I think that's the answer.

WHITE QUEEN. Wrong, as usual; the dog's temper would remain.

ALICE. But I don't see how —

WHITE QUEEN. Why, look here! The dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it?

ALICE. Perhaps it would.

WHITE QUEEN. Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!

ALICE. They might go different ways. What dreadful nonsense we *are* talking!

WHITE QUEEN. She can't do sums a *bit!*

ALICE. Can *you* do sums? (*turning suddenly on the* WHITE QUEEN).

WHITE QUEEN (*gasps*). I can do addition, if you give me time — but I can't do subtraction under *any* circumstances! But of course *you* know your A B C?

ALICE. To be sure, I do.

WHITE QUEEN. So do I; we'll often say it over together, dear. And I'll tell you a secret. I can read words of one letter! Isn't *that* grand? However, don't be discouraged. You'll come to it in time. Can you answer useful questions? How is bread made?

ALICE. I know *that!* You take some flour —

WHITE QUEEN. Where do you pick the flower? In a garden, or in the hedges?

ALICE. Well, it isn't *picked* at all, it's *ground* —

WHITE QUEEN. How many acres of ground? You musn't leave out so many things. Do you know languages? What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?

ALICE. Fiddle-de-dee's not English.

WHITE QUEEN. Who ever said it was?

ALICE. If you'll tell me what language "fiddle-de-dee" is, I'll tell you the French for it!

WHITE QUEEN (*draws herself up rather stiffly*). Queens never make bargains.

ALICE. I wish queens never asked questions.

WHITE QUEEN. Don't let us quarrel. What is the cause of lightning?

ALICE. The cause of lightning is the thunder — no, no! I meant the other way.

WHITE QUEEN. It's too late to correct it; when you've once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences. Which reminds me (*looking down and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands*), we had *such* a thunder-storm last Tuesday — I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know.

ALICE. In *our* country there's only one day at a time.

WHITE QUEEN. That's a poor thin way of doing things. Now *here*, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and

sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together — for warmth, you know.

ALICE. Are five nights warmer than one night, then?

WHITE QUEEN. Five times as warm, of course.

ALICE. But they should be five times as *cold*, by the same rule —

WHITE QUEEN. Just so! Five times as warm, *and* five times as cold — just as I'm five times as rich as you are, *and* five times as clever.

ALICE. It's exactly like a riddle with no answer!

WHITE QUEEN. Humpty Dumpty saw it, too. He came to the door with a corkscrew in his hand —

ALICE. What did he want?

WHITE QUEEN. He said he *would* come in, because he was looking for a hippopotamus. Now, as it happened, there wasn't such a thing in the house, that morning.

ALICE. Is there generally?

WHITE QUEEN. Well, only on Thursdays.

ALICE. Oh, how I wish I could meet Humpty Dumpty!

WHITE QUEEN. Come with me and you shall.

(END OF SCENE III.)

SCENE IV. WOOD WITH WALL AT BACK.

HUMPTY DUMPTY *sitting on a wall. Enter* ALICE.

ALICE. How exactly like an egg he is.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. It's *very* provoking (*after a long silence, looking away from Alice as he speaks*) to be called an egg — *very!*

ALICE. I said you *looked* like an egg, sir. And some eggs are very pretty, you know.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Some people (*looking away from her, as usual*) have no more sense than a baby!

ALICE (*aside*).

> "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
> Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
> All the king's horses and all the king's men
> Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty in his place again."

That last line is much too long for the poetry.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Don't stand chattering to yourself like that (*looking at her for the first time*), but tell me your name and your business.

ALICE. My *name* is Alice, but—

HUMPTY DUMPTY. It's a stupid name enough! (*impatiently*). What does it mean?

ALICE. *Must* a name mean something?

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Of course it must; *my* name means the shape I am—and a good handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost. Though, as it happens, you look exactly like every one else.

ALICE. The face is what one generally goes by.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. That's just what I complain of. Your face is the same as everybody has; the two eyes, so (*marking their places in the air with his thumb*), nose in the middle, mouth under. It's always the same. Now if you had the two eyes on the same side of the nose, for instance—or the mouth at the top—that would be *some* help.

ALICE. It wouldn't look nice.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Wait till you've tried.

ALICE. Why do you sit out here all alone?

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Why, because there's nobody with me! Did you think I didn't know the answer to *that?* Ask another.

ALICE. Don't you think you'd be safer down on the ground? That wall is so *very* narrow!

HUMPTY DUMPTY. What tremendously easy riddles you ask! Of course I don't think so! Why, if ever I *did* fall off—which there's no chance of—but *if* I did—*if* I did fall, *the King has* promised me—ah! you may turn pale if you like. You didn't think I was going to say that, did you? The King has promised me with his very own mouth—to—to—

ALICE. To send all his horses and all his men.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Now, I declare, that's too bad; you've been listening at doors, and behind trees, and down chimneys, or you couldn't have known it.

ALICE. I haven't, indeed. It's in a book.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Ah, well! They may write such things in a *book*. That's what you call a History of England, that is. Now, take a good look at me! I'm one that has spoken to a king, *I* am; mayhap you'll never see such another; and to show you I'm not proud, you may shake hands with me (*grins and leans forward and offers his hand to* ALICE, *who shakes it*). Yet all his horses and all his men—they'd pick me up again in a minute, *they* would! However, this conversation is going on a little too fast; let's go back to the last remark but one.

ALICE. I'm afraid I can't quite remember it.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. In that case we start fresh, and it's my turn to choose a subject.

ALICE (*aside*). He talks about it just as if it was a game!

HUMPTY DUMPTY. So here's a question for you. How old did you say you were?

ALICE. Ten years and six months.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Wrong! You never said a word like it!

ALICE. I thought you meant "How old *are* you?"

HUMPTY DUMPTY. If I'd meant that, I'd have said it. Ten years and six months! (*thoughtfully*). An uncomfortable sort of age. Now if you'd asked *my* advice, I'd have said "leave off at ten," but it's too late now.

ALICE. I never ask advice about growing.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Too proud?

ALICE. I mean that one can't help growing older.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. *One* can't, perhaps, but *two* can. With proper assistance, you might have left off at ten.

ALICE (*suddenly*). What a beautiful belt you've got on! At least, a beautiful cravat, I should have said — no, a belt, I mean — I beg your pardon! (*Aside*) If I only knew which was neck and which was waist!

HUMPTY DUMPTY. It is a — *most* — *provoking* — thing when a person doesn't know a cravat from a belt!

ALICE. I know it's very ignorant of me.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. It's a cravat, child, and a beautiful one, as you say. It's a present from the White King and Queen. There, now!

ALICE. Is it really?

HUMPTY DUMPTY. They gave it me for an unbirthday present.

ALICE. I beg your pardon?

HUMPTY DUMPTY. I'm not offended.

ALICE. I mean, what *is* an unbirthday present?

HUMPTY DUMPTY. A present given when it isn't your birthday, of course.

ALICE. I like birthday presents best.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. You don't know what you're talking about! How many days are there in a year?

ALICE. Three hundred and sixty-five.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. And how many birthdays have you?

ALICE. One.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. And if you take one from three hundred and sixty-five, what remains?

ALICE. Three hundred and sixty-four, of course.

HUMPTY DUMPTY (*doubtfully*). I'd rather see that done on paper (ALICE *takes out memorandum book and does the sum, and hands it to* HUMPTY DUMPTY, *who takes and studies it*).

HUMPTY DUMPTY. That seems to be done right—

ALICE. You're holding it upside down.

HUMPTY DUMPTY (*gaily*). To be sure, I was! I thought it looked a little queer. As I was saying, that *seems* to be done right—though I haven't time to look it over thoroughly just now—and that shows that there are three hundred and sixty-four days when you might get unbirthday presents—

ALICE. Certainly.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. And only *one* for birthday presents, you know. There's glory for you!

ALICE. I don't know what you mean by "glory."

HUMPTY DUMPTY (*contemptuously*). Of course you don't—till I tell you. I meant "there's a nice knock-down argument for you!"

ALICE. But "glory" doesn't mean "a nice knock-down argument."

HUMPTY DUMPTY. When *I* use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.

ALICE. The question is, whether you *can* make words mean so many different things.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. The question is, which is to be master—that's all. They've a temper, some of them—particularly verbs—they're the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs. However, *I* can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That's what *I* say!

ALICE. Would you tell me, please, what that means?

HUMPTY DUMPTY (*pleased*). Now, *you* talk like a reasonable child. I meant by "impenetrability" that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life.

ALICE (*thoughtfully*). That's a great deal to make one word mean.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. When I make a word do a lot of work like that, I always pay it extra.

ALICE. Oh!

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Ah, you should see 'em come round me of a Saturday night for to get their wages, you know.

ALICE. You seem very clever at explaining words, sir.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. I am, and I can repeat whole pages out of books (ALICE *looks alarmed*). As to poetry, you know (*stretching out one of his great hands*), *I* can repeat poetry as well as other folk, if it comes to that—

ALICE. Oh, it needn't come to that!

HUMPTY DUMPTY. The piece I'm going to repeat was written entirely for your amusement.

ALICE (*sadly*). Thank you.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. "In winter, when the fields are white,
I sing this song for your delight—"

only I don't sing it.

ALICE. I see you don't.

HUMPTY DUMPTY (*severely*). If you can see whether I'm singing or not, you've sharper eyes than most. Now see if you can *see* me sing it (*sings*)

"In spring, when woods are getting green,
I'll try and tell you what I mean.

"In summer, when the days are long,
Perhaps you'll understand the song.

"In autumn, when the leaves are brown,
Take pen and ink, and write it down."

ALICE. I will, if I can remember it so long.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. You needn't go on making remarks like that; they're not sensible, and they put me out.

"I sent a message to the fish;
I told them, 'This is what I wish.'

"The little fishes of the sea,
They sent an answer back to me.

"The little fishes' answer was,
'We cannot do it, sir, because—'"

ALICE. I'm afraid I don't quite understand.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. It gets easier further on.

"I sent to them again to say,
'It will be better to obey.'

"The fishes answered with a grin,
'Why, what a temper you are in!'

"I told them once, I told them twice;
They would not listen to advice.

"I took a kettle large and new,
Fit for the deed I had to do.

"My heart went hop, my heart went thump;
I filled the kettle at the pump.

"Then some one came to me and said,
'The little fishes are in bed.'

"I said to him, I said it plain,
'Then you must wake them up again.'

"I said it very loud and clear;
I went and shouted in his ear.

"But he was very stiff and proud;
He said, 'You needn't shout so loud!'

"And he was very proud and stiff;
He said, 'I'd go and wake them if —'

"I took a corkscrew from the shelf;
I went to wake them up myself.

"And when I found the door was locked,
I pulled, and pushed, and kicked, and knocked.

"And when I found the door was shut,
I tried to turn the handle, but —"

(*Long pause.*)

ALICE. Is that all?

HUMPTY DUMPTY. That's all. Good-by.

(END OF ACT III.)

ACT IV.

CENE I. OUTDOOR SCENE WITH HOUSE AT BACK, TEA TABLE SET.

ARCH HARE *and* HATTER *having tea, with the* DORMOUSE *asleep between them.*

Enter ALICE.

HATTER *and* MARCH HARE. No room! no room!

ALICE. There's plenty of room (*sits down in large armchair at end table*).

MARCH HARE. Have some wine?

ALICE (*looking round*). I don't see any wine.

MARCH HARE. There isn't any.

ALICE (*angrily*). Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it.

MARCH HARE. It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without ing invited.

ALICE. I didn't know it was *your* table; it's laid for a great many re than three.

HATTER. Your hair wants cutting.

ALICE. You should learn not to make personal remarks; it's very le.

HATTER. Why is a raven like a writing desk?

ALICE (*aside*). Come, we shall have some fun now! I'm glad y've begun asking riddles — I believe I can guess that.

MARCH HARE. Do you mean that you think you can find out the swer to it?

ALICE. Exactly so.

MARCH HARE. Then you should say what you mean.

ALICE (*hastily*). I do; at least — at least, I mean what I say — at's the same thing, you know.

HATTER. Not the same thing a bit; you might just as well say at I see what I eat is the same thing as I eat what I see.

MARCH HARE. You might just as well say that I like what I get the same as I get what I like.

DORMOUSE (*talking in his sleep*). You might just as well say at I breathe when I sleep is the same thing as I sleep when I reathe.

HATTER. It is the same thing to you. What day of the month is it (*takes out his watch and looks at it uneasily, shaking it and holding it to his ear*).

ALICE. The fourth.

HATTER (*sighing*). Two days wrong! I told you butter wouldn't suit the works! (*looks angrily at the* MARCH HARE).

MARCH HARE. It was the *best* butter.

HATTER. Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well; you shouldn't have put it in with the bread knife (*the* MARCH HARE *takes the watch and looks at it gloomily, then dips it into his cup of tea, and looks at it again*). It was the *best* butter, you know.

ALICE. What a funny watch! It tells the days of the month, and doesn't tell what time it is.

HATTER. Why should it? Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?

ALICE. Of course not; but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together.

HATTER. Which is just the case with *mine*.

ALICE. I don't quite understand you.

HATTER. The Dormouse is asleep again (*pours a little hot tea on its nose*).

DORMOUSE (*shakes its head impatiently, and without opening its eyes*). Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself.

HATTER. Have you guessed the riddle yet?

ALICE. No, I give it up; what's the answer?

HATTER. I haven't the slightest idea.

MARCH HARE. Nor I.

ALICE (*sighing*). I think you might do something better with the time than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers.

HATTER. If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*.

ALICE. I don't know what you mean.

HATTER. Of course you don't! (*contemptuously*). I dare say you never even spoke to Time!

ALICE. Perhaps not; but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.

HATTER. Ah! that accounts for it. He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons; you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half past one, time for dinner!

MARCH HARE (*aside*). I only wish it was!

ALICE. That would be grand, certainly, but then — I shouldn t be hungry for it, you know.

HATTER. Not at first, perhaps, but you could keep it to half past one as long as you liked.

ALICE. Is that the way *you* manage?

HATTER (*mournfully*). Not I. We quarreled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know — (*pointing with his teaspoon at the* MARCH HARE) — it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing: —

"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!"

You know the song, perhaps?

ALICE. I've heard something like it.

HATTER. It goes on, you know, in this way: —

"Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle — "

DORMOUSE (*shakes itself and sings in its sleep*). Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle (*they all pinch it to make it stop*).

HATTER. Well, I hardly finished the first verse when the Queen brawled out, "He's murdering the time! Off with his head!"

ALICE. How dreadfully savage!

HATTER. And ever since that (*mournfully*) he won't do a thing I ask. It's always six o'clock now.

ALICE. Is that the reason so many tea things are put out here?

HATTER (*sighs*). Yes, that's it; it's always tea time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles.

ALICE. Then you keep moving round, I suppose?

HATTER. Exactly so, as the things get used up.

ALICE. But when you come to the beginning again?

MARCH HARE. Suppose we change the subject. I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.

ALICE. I'm afraid I don't know one.

HATTER *and* MARCH HARE. Then the Dormouse shall! Wake up, Dormouse! (*they pinch it on both sides at once*).

DORMOUSE (*slowly opens his eyes*). I wasn't asleep. I heard every word you fellows were saying.

MARCH HARE. Tell us a story!

ALICE. Yes, please do!

HATTER. And be quick about it, or you'll be asleep again before it's done.

DORMOUSE. Once upon a time there were three little sisters, and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well —

ALICE. What did they live on?

DORMOUSE. They lived on treacle.

ALICE. They couldn't have done that, you know, they'd have been ill.

DORMOUSE. So they were, *very* ill.

ALICE. But why did they live at the bottom of a well?

MARCH HARE. Take some more tea.

ALICE. I've had nothing yet, so I can't take more.

HATTER. You mean, you can't take *less;* it's very easy to take *more* than nothing.

ALICE. Nobody asked *your* opinion.

HATTER. Who's making personal remarks now?

ALICE. Why did they live at the bottom of a well?

DORMOUSE (*thinking*). It was a treacle well.

ALICE. There's no such thing!

HATTER *and* MARCH HARE. Sh! Sh!

DORMOUSE (*sulkily*). If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself.

ALICE. No; please go on! I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one.*

DORMOUSE. One, indeed! And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know —

ALICE. What did they draw?

DORMOUSE. Treacle.

HATTER. I want a clean cup; let's all move one place on (*all move up one place*).

ALICE. But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?

HATTER. You can draw water out of a water well, so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle well — eh, stupid?

ALICE. But they were *in* the well.

DORMOUSE. Of course they were, well in. They were learning to draw (*yawning and rubbing its eyes*), and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M —

ALICE. Why with an M?

MARCH HARE. Why not? (DORMOUSE *goes to sleep,* HATTER *pinches him and he wakes with a shriek*).

DORMOUSE. That begins with an M, such as mouse traps, and the

noon, and memory, and muchness — you know you say things are much of a muchness — did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?

ALICE. Really, now you ask me, I don't think —

HATTER. Then you shouldn't talk.

Exit ALICE, *offended, while the* MARCH HARE *and the* HATTER *try to put the* DORMOUSE *into the teapot.*

(END OF SCENE I.)

SCENE II. SEA IN THE BACKGROUND.

MOCK TURTLE *sobbing. Enter* ALICE *and* GRYPHON.

ALICE (*to* GRYPHON). What is his sorrow?

GRYPHON. It's all his fancy, that; he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on (*to* MOCK TURTLE). This here young lady, she wants for to know your history, she do.

MOCK TURTLE. I'll tell it her (*in a deep, hollow tone*). Sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished (*all sit; long pause*).

ALICE (*aside*). I don't see how he can *ever* finish, if he doesn't begin.

MOCK TURTLE. Once (*with a deep sigh*) I was a real Turtle (*long pause*).

GRYPHON. Hjckrrh! (MOCK TURTLE *sobs*).

MOCK TURTLE. When we were little (*still sobbing*) we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle — we used to call him Tortoise —

ALICE. Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?

MOCK TURTLE. We called him Tortoise because he taught us. (*Angrily*) Really, you are very dull!

GRYPHON. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question. Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!

MOCK TURTLE. Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it —

ALICE. I never said I didn't!

MOCK TURTLE. You did.

GRYPHON. Hold your tongue!

MOCK TURTLE. We had the best of educations — in fact, we went to school every day —

ALICE. *I've* been to a day school, too; you needn't be so proud as all that.

MOCK TURTLE (*anxiously*). With extras?

ALICE. Yes, we learned French and music.

MOCK TURTLE. And washing?

ALICE. Certainly not!

MOCK TURTLE. Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good *school*. Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, "French, music, *and washing* — extra."

ALICE. You couldn't have wanted it much, living at the bottom of the sea.

MOCK TURTLE. I couldn't afford to learn it. I only took the regular course.

ALICE. What was that?

MOCK TURTLE. Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with, and then the different branches of Arithmetic — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.

ALICE. I never heard of "Uglification." What is it?

GRYPHON (*surprised*). Never heard of uglifying! You know what to beautify is, I suppose?

ALICE. Yes; it means — to — make — anything — prettier.

GRYPHON. Well, then, if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton.

ALICE. What else had you to learn?

MOCK TURTLE. Well, there was Mystery. Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography, then Drawling — the Drawing Master was an old Conger-eel, that used to come once a week; *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.

ALICE. What was *that* like?

MOCK TURTLE. Well, I can't show it you, myself; I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learned it.

GRYPHON. Hadn't time. I went to the classical master, though. He was an old Crab, *he* was.

MOCK TURTLE. I never went to him; he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.

GRYPHON. So he did, so he did.

ALICE. And how many hours a day did you do lessons?

MOCK TURTLE. Ten hours the first day, nine the next, and so on.

ALICE. What a curious plan!

GRYPHON. That's the reason they're called lessons; because they lessen from day to day.

ALICE. Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday.

MOCK TURTLE. Of course it was.

ALICE. And how did you manage on the twelfth?

GRYPHON. That's enough about lessons. Tell her something

ut the games now. (MOCK TURTLE *sighs and sobs, and is beaten the back by the* GRYPHON).

RYPHON. Same as if he had a bone in his throat.

OCK TURTLE. You may not have lived much under the sea.

LICE. I haven't.

OCK TURTLE. And perhaps you were never introduced to a ter?

LICE. I once tasted — no, never.

OCK TURTLE. So you can have no idea what a delightful thing)bster Quadrille is!

LICE. No, indeed. What sort of a dance is it?

RYPHON. Why, you first form into a line along the seashore —

OCK TURTLE. Two lines! Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on; ı, when you've cleared all the jellyfish out of the way —

RYPHON. *That* generally takes some time.

OCK TURTLE. You advance twice —

RYPHON. Each with a lobster as a partner!

OCK TURTLE. Of course; advance twice, set to partners —

RYPHON. Change lobsters, and retire in same order.

OCK TURTLE. Then you know; you throw the —

RYPHON (*shouting*). The lobsters! (*with a bound into the air*).

OCK TURTLE. As far out to sea as you can —

RYPHON. Swim after them!

OCK TURTLE. Turn a somersault into the sea! (*capering wildly ut*).

RYPHON. Change lobsters again!

OCK TURTLE. Back to land again, and — that's all the first ıre (*sits down quietly*).

LICE. It must be a very pretty dance.

OCK TURTLE. Would you like to see a little of it?

LICE. Very much, indeed.

OCK TURTLE. Come, let's try the first figure! (*to the* GRYPHON). can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?

RYPHON. Oh, you sing. I have forgotten the words (*dance*).

OCK TURTLE (*sings*).

'ill you walk a little faster!" said a whiting to a snail,
here's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
ıy are waiting on the shingle — will you come and join the dance?
'ill you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
'ill you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied,
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France;
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

ALICE. Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch, and I do so like that curious song about the whiting.

MOCK TURTLE. Oh, as to the whiting, they—you've seen them, of course?

ALICE. Yes, I've often seen them at dinn—

MOCK TURTLE. I don't know where Dinn may be, but if you've seen them so often, of course you know what they're like.

ALICE. I believe so. They have their tails in their mouths, and they're all over crumbs.

MOCK TURTLE. You're wrong about the crumbs; crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they *have* their tails in their mouths; and the reason is—(MOCK TURTLE *yawns and shuts his eyes*). Tell her about the reason and all that.

GRYPHON. The reason is that they *would* go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. That's all.

ALICE. Thank you; it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before.

GRYPHON. I can tell you more than that, if you like. Do you know why it's called a whiting?

ALICE. I never thought about it. Why?

GRYPHON (*solemnly*). It does the boots and shoes.

ALICE. Does the boots and shoes!

GRYPHON. Why, what are *your* shoes done with? I mean, what makes them so shiny?

ALICE. They're done with blacking, I believe.

GRYPHON. Boots and shoes under the sea (*in a deep voice*) are done with whiting. Now you know.

ALICE. And what are they made of?

GRYPHON. Soles and eels, of course (*impatiently*); any shrimp could have told you that.

ALICE. If I'd been the whiting, I'd have said to the porpoise, "Keep back, please; we don't want *you* with us!"

MOCK TURTLE. They were obliged to have him with them; no wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise.

ALICE. Wouldn't it really?

MOCK TURTLE. Of course not! Why, if a fish came to *me*, and told me he was going a journey, I should say "With what porpoise?"

ALICE. Don't you mean "purpose"?

MOCK TURTLE. I mean what I say.

GRYPHON. Come, you do something now. Stand up and repeat "'Tis the Voice of the Sluggard."

ALICE (*repeats*).

"'Tis the voice of the lobster; I heard him declare,
You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair.
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes."

GRYPHON. That's different from what *I* used to say when I was a child.

MOCK TURTLE. Well, I never heard it before, but it sounds uncommon nonsense.

ALICE. Will things *ever* happen in a natural way again?

MOCK TURTLE. I should like to have it explained.

GRYPHON. She can't explain it. Go on with the next verse.

MOCK TURTLE. But about his toes. How *could* he turn them out with his nose, you know?

ALICE. It's the first position in dancing.

GRYPHON. Go on with the next verse. It begins, "I passed by his garden."

ALICE (*repeats*).

"I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,
How the owl and the oyster were sharing the pie—"

MOCK TURTLE. What *is* the use of repeating all that stuff, if you don't explain it as you go on? It's by far the most confusing thing *I* ever heard!

GRYPHON. Yes, I think you'd better leave off. Shall we try

another figure of the Lobster Quadrille? Or would you like Mock Turtle to sing you a song?

ALICE. Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kin

GRYPHON (*in a rather offended tone*). Hm! No accounting tastes! Sing her "Turtle Soup," will you, old fellow?

MOCK TURTLE (*sighs deeply, and begins, in a voice sometimes choi with sobs, to sing*).

"Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

"Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two p
ennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo — oop of the e — e — evening,
Beautiful, beauti — FUL SOUP!"

(*All dance and repeat Lobster Quadrille chorus.*)

(END OF SCENE II.)

SCENE III. THE GARDEN.

(*The three gardeners discovered painting a rose tree.*)

Enter ALICE, *who watches them.*

TWO OF CLUBS. Look out now, Five! Don't go splashing pa over me like that!

FIVE OF CLUBS. I couldn't help it. Seven jogged my elbow.

SEVEN OF CLUBS. That's right, Five! Always lay the blame others!

FIVE OF CLUBS. *You'd* better not talk! I heard the Queen s only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded!

WO OF CLUBS. What for?
EVEN OF CLUBS. That's none of *your* business, Two!
VE OF CLUBS. Yes, it *is* his business, and I'll tell him. It was bringing the cook tulip roots instead of onions.
EVEN OF CLUBS (*flings down his brush*). Well, of all the unjust gs — (*discovers* ALICE, *and bows low, as do the others*).
LICE. Would you tell me, please, why you are painting those s?
WO OF CLUBS. Why, the fact is, you see, Miss, this here ought ave been a *red* rose tree, and we put a white one in by mistake; if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut you know. So you see, Miss, we're doing our best, afore she es, to —
IVE OF CLUBS. The Queen! The Queen! (*all three fall on their s*).

ER *procession, which ends up with the* WHITE RABBIT, *the* KING *and* QUEEN, *and the* KNAVE OF HEARTS, *who carries the crown on a cushion.*

JEEN OF HEARTS (*looking at* ALICE, *to the* KNAVE). Who is ? (KNAVE *bows and smiles and says nothing.*) Idiot! (*To* ALICE) at is your name, child?
LICE. My name is Alice, so please your Majesty. (*Aside*) Why, 're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them!
JEEN OF HEARTS. And who are *these?* (*pointing to the three eners*).
LICE. How should *I* know? It's no business of *mine.*
JEEN OF HEARTS (*in a rage*). Off with her head! Off!
LICE. Nonsense! (*very loudly and decidedly*).
NG OF HEARTS (*laying his hand on* QUEEN'S *arm*). Consider, my ; she is only a child!
UEEN OF HEARTS (*to the* KNAVE). Turn them over! (*the* KNAVE *s them very carefully with one foot*). Get up! (*the three gar- rs instantly jump up and begin bowing to the* KING, *the* QUEEN, *everybody else*). Leave off that! You make me giddy (*turning he rose tree*). What *have* you been doing here?
WO OF CLUBS. May it please your Majesty (*going down on one e as he spoke*), we were trying —
UEEN OF HEARTS. I see. Off with their heads! (*Exit* GARDEN- . QUEEN *shouts*) Are their heads off?
FFICERS (*shout outside*). Their heads are gone, if it please your jesty!

QUEEN OF HEARTS (*shouts*). That's right! Can you play croquet?

ALICE (*shouts*). Yes!

QUEEN OF HEARTS (*roars*). Come on, then! (*Exit*).

WHITE RABBIT (*to* ALICE). It's a very fine day.

ALICE. Very. Where's the Duchess?

WHITE RABBIT. Hush! Hush! She's under sentence of execution.

ALICE. What for?

WHITE RABBIT. Did you say, "What a pity"?

ALICE. No, I didn't. I don't think it's at all a pity. I said what for?

WHITE RABBIT. She boxed the Queen's ears. (ALICE *gives a little scream of laughter*). Oh, hush! The Queen will hear you! You see she came rather late, and the Queen said —

QUEEN OF HEARTS (*outside*). Get to your places! Off with her head! (*all run confusedly round, and exit all but* ALICE).

Enter DUCHESS.

DUCHESS. You can't think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing! (*tucks her arm affectionately into* ALICE's, *and they walk off*).

ALICE (*aside*). I am glad to find her in such a pleasant temper, and perhaps it was only the pepper that had made her so savage when we met in the kitchen. When *I'm* a Duchess I won't have any pepper in my kitchen *at all.*

DUCHESS. You're thinking about something, my dear, and that makes you forget to talk. I can't tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall remember it in a bit.

ALICE. Perhaps it hasn't one.

DUCHESS. Tut, tut, child! Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it.

ALICE. The game seems to be going on rather better now.

DUCHESS. 'Tis so, and the moral of that is, "Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!"

ALICE. Somebody said that it's done by everybody minding their own business!

DUCHESS. Ah, well! It means much the same thing, and the moral of *that* is, "Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves."

ALICE (*aside*). How fond she is of finding morals in things!

DUCHESS. I dare say you're wondering why I don't put my arm round your waist. The reason is, that I'm doubtful about the temper of your flamingo. Shall I try the experiment?

ALICE. He might bite.

DUCHESS. Very true. ~~Flamingoes~~ and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is, "Birds of a feather flock together."

ALICE. Only mustard isn't a bird.

DUCHESS. Right, as usual. What a clear way you have of putting things!

ALICE. It's a mineral, I *think*.

DUCHESS. Of course it is. There's a large mustard mine near here. And the moral of that is, "The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours."

ALICE. Oh, I know! It's a vegetable. It doesn't look like one, but it is.

DUCHESS. I quite agree with you, and the moral of that is, "be what you would seem to be"; or, if you'd like it put more simply, "Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise."

ALICE. I think I should understand that better if I had it written down; but I can't quite follow it as you say it.

DUCHESS. That's nothing to what I could say if I chose.

ALICE. Pray don't trouble yourself to say it any longer than that.

DUCHESS. Oh, don't talk about trouble! I make you a present of everything I've said as yet.

ALICE (*aside*). A cheap sort of present! I'm glad they don't give birthday presents like that!

DUCHESS. Thinking again?

ALICE. I've a right to think.

DUCHESS. Just about as much right as pigs have to fly, and the m— (*Enter* QUEEN OF HEARTS *who stands in front of her frowning.*) A fine day, your Majesty!

QUEEN OF HEARTS. Now I give you fair warning (*shouts and stamps on the ground*), either you or your head must be off, and that in about half no time. Take your choice!

Exit DUCHESS.

(*To* ALICE). Let's go back to the game.

Exit QUEEN *who is heard shouting in the distance* "*Off with her head!*"

(CAT *begins to appear in the tree.*)

ALICE (*aside*). It's the Cheshire Cat; now I shall have somebody to talk to.

CAT. How are you getting on?

ALICE. It's no use speaking to it till its ears have come, or at least one of them. I don't think they play at all fairly, and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear one's self speak — and they don't seem to have any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them — and you've no idea how confusing it is, all the things being alive; for instance, there's the arch I've got to go through next walking about at the other end of the ground — and I should have croqueted the Queen's hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!

CAT. How do you like the Queen?

ALICE. Not at all; she's so extremely — (*enter* QUEEN, *who stops and listens*) likely to win, that it's hardly worth while finishing the game (*exit* QUEEN *smiling and is heard in the distance shouting, "Off with his head"*).

Enter KING OF HEARTS.

KING OF HEARTS. Who *are* you talking to?

ALICE. It's a friend of mine — a Cheshire Cat — allow me to introduce it.

KING OF HEARTS. I don't like the look of it at all; however, it may kiss my hand if it likes.

CAT. I'd rather not.

KING OF HEARTS. Don't be impertinent, and don't look at me like that!

ALICE. A cat may look at a king. I've read that in some book, but I don't remember where.

KING OF HEARTS. Well, it must be removed. (*Enter* QUEEN. *To* QUEEN, *who is passing*) My dear, I wish you would have this cat removed.

QUEEN. Off with his head! (*Exit.*)

KING. I'll fetch the executioner myself (*Exit.*)

Reenter KING, QUEEN, EXECUTIONER, *and others. All gaze at the cat.*

QUEEN OF HEARTS (*roars*). Off with his head! Off with his head (*to* EXECUTIONER) at once, I say.

EXECUTIONER. You can't cut off a head unless there is a body to cut it off from. I have never done such a thing before, and I am not going to begin it at my time of life.

KING OF HEARTS. Anything that has a head can be beheaded. So don't talk nonsense.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. If something isn't done about it in less than no time, I'll have every one executed all round (*consternation. All argue together at once, point to* CAT, *who fades away*).

QUEEN OF HEARTS. Off with his head! Off with his head! (*shouts and confusion*).

Curtain.

(END OF ACT IV.)

ACT V.

COURT.

KING OF HEARTS *and* QUEEN OF HEARTS *on throne at back. Jury box left, filled with animals who constantly write on their slates.* KNAVE *in center, chained and guarded. Table beneath throne, with dish of tarts on it. Lawyers writing at it.* WHITE RABBIT *near* KING OF HEARTS *with trumpet. Other characters ranged round.*

ALICE (*behind jury box, to* GRYPHON). What are they writing? They can't have anything to put down yet.

GRYPHON. They're putting down their names for fear they'd forget them before the end of the trial.

ALICE. Stupid things!

WHITE RABBIT. Silence in the court! (KING *peers round.* ALICE *looks over the shoulders of the jury*).

ALICE (*to* GRYPHON). They're writing "stupid things" on their slates, and one of them doesn't know how stupid and nice muddle their slates will be in before the trial's over. (LIZARD'S *pencil squeaks.* ALICE *reaches over his shoulder and takes it away.* LIZARD *goes on writing with his finger*).

KING OF HEARTS. Herald, read the accusation.

WHITE RABBIT (*blows three blasts on his trumpet, unrolls parchment and reads*).

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day;
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!"

KING OF HEARTS. Consider your verdict.

WHITE RABBIT (*hastily*). Not yet, not yet! There's a great deal to come before that!

KING OF HEARTS. Call the first witness.

WHITE RABBIT (*blows three blasts on the trumpet*). First witness!

Enter HATTER *with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread and butter in the other, followed by* MARCH HARE *and* DORMOUSE.

HATTER. I beg pardon, your Majesty, for bringing these in; but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for.

KING OF HEARTS. You ought to have finished. When did you begin?

HATTER (*looks at the* MARCH HARE). Fourteenth of March, I *think* it was.

MARCH HARE. Fifteenth.

DORMOUSE. Sixteenth.

KING OF HEARTS. Write that down (JURY *all write eagerly, while* ALICE *looks over their shoulders*).

ALICE (*to* GRYPHON). Why, they have put down all three dates, and have added them up, and are reducing them to pounds, shillings, and pence.

KING OF HEARTS. Take off your hat.

HATTER. It isn't mine.

KING OF HEARTS. *Stolen!* (*turning to the* JURY, *who instantly write*).

HATTER. I keep them to sell; I've none of my own. I'm a hatter (*here the* QUEEN *puts on her spectacles and looks hard at the* HATTER, *who turns pale and fidgets*).

KING OF HEARTS. Give your evidence, and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot.

ALICE *begins to grow larger.*

DORMOUSE. I wish you wouldn't squeeze so. I can hardly breathe.

ALICE. I can't help it; I'm growing.

DORMOUSE. You've no right to grow *here.*

ALICE. Don't talk nonsense; you know you're growing too.

DORMOUSE. Yes, but *I* grow at a reasonable pace; not in that ridiculous fashion (*gets up, crosses the court, and sits on the other side and goes to sleep*).

QUEEN OF HEARTS (*to* OFFICERS, *staring at* HATTER). Bring me the list of the singers in the last concert!

KING OF HEARTS. Give your evidence, or I'll have you executed, whether you're nervous or not.

HATTER. I'm a poor man, your Majesty, and I hadn't but just begun my tea — not above a week or so — and what with the bread and butter getting so thin — and the twinkling of the tea —

KING OF HEARTS. The twinkling of *what?*

HATTER. It *began* with the tea.

KING OF HEARTS. Of course twinkling begins with a T! Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!

HATTER. I'm a poor man, and most things twinkled after that — only the March Hare said —

MARCH HARE. I didn't!

HATTER. You did!

MARCH HARE. I deny it!

KING OF HEARTS. He denies it; leave out that part.

HATTER. Well, at any rate, the Dormouse said — After that, I cut some more bread and butter —

ONE OF JURY. But what did the Dormouse say?

HATTER. That I can't remember.

KING OF HEARTS. You *must* remember, or I'll have you executed. (HATTER *drops his teacup and bread and butter, and goes down on one knee.*)

HATTER. I'm a poor man, your Majesty.

KING OF HEARTS. You're a *very* poor *speaker* (GUINEA PIG *cheers and is put into a bag by the* OFFICERS).

ALICE (*aside*). I'm glad I've seen that done. I've so often read in the newspapers, at the end of trials, "There was some attempt at applause, which was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court," and I never understood what it meant till now.

KING OF HEARTS. If that's all you know about it, you may stand down.

HATTER. I can't go no lower; I'm on the floor as it is.

KING OF HEARTS. Then you may *sit* down (*here the other* GUINEA PIG *cheers, and is suppressed as before*).

ALICE (*aside*). Come, that finishes the guinea pigs! Now we shall get on better.

HATTER. I'd rather finish my tea.

KING OF HEARTS. You may go (*exit* HATTER *hurriedly*) — and just take his head off outside. Call the next witness.

WHITE RABBIT (*blows three blasts*). Next witness!

Enter COOK *with pepper pot. All begin to sneeze as she enters.*

KING OF HEARTS. Give your evidence.

COOK. Shan't.

WHITE RABBIT. Your Majesty must cross-examine this witness.

KING OF HEARTS (*after much thought*). What are tarts made of?

COOK. Pepper, mostly.

DORMOUSE. Treacle.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. Collar that Dormouse (*yells*). Behead that Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers! (DORMOUSE *removed by* OFFICERS. *Exit* COOK).

KING OF HEARTS. Call the next witness (*to the* QUEEN *in an aside*). Really, my dear, you *must* cross-examine the next witness; it quite makes my forehead ache.

WHITE RABBIT (*blows three blasts*). Next witness, Alice!

ALICE. Here!

KING OF HEARTS. What do you know about this business?

ALICE. Nothing.

KING OF HEARTS. Nothing *whatever?*

ALICE. Nothing whatever.

KING OF HEARTS. That's very important.

WHITE RABBIT. *Un*important, your Majesty means, of course.

KING OF HEARTS. *Un*important, of course, I meant. (*Aside*) Important — unimportant — unimportant — important.

KING OF HEARTS (*who has been writing in his note-book*). Silence! Rule Forty-two. All persons more than a mile high to leave the court. (*All look at* ALICE.)

ALICE. *I'm* not a mile high.

KING OF HEARTS. You are.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. Nearly two miles high.

ALICE. Well, I shan't go, at any rate. Besides, that's not a regular rule; you invented it just now.

KING OF HEARTS. It's the oldest rule in the book.

ALICE. Then it ought to be Number One (*letter is handed to* RABBIT).

KING OF HEARTS (*hastily*). Consider your verdict.

WHITE RABBIT. There's more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty (*jumping up in a great hurry*); this paper has just been picked up.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. What's in it?

WHITE RABBIT. I haven't opened it yet, but it seems to be a letter written by the prisoner to — to somebody.

KING OF HEARTS. It must have been that, unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know.

JURY. Who is it directed to?

WHITE RABBIT. It isn't directed at all; in fact, there's nothing written on the *outside* (*unfolds the paper*). It isn't a letter, after all; it's a set of verses.

JURY. Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?

WHITE RABBIT. No, they're not; and that's the queerest thing about it (*the* JURY *all look puzzled*).

KING OF HEARTS. He must have imitated somebody else's hand (*the* JURY *all brighten up again*).

KNAVE OF HEARTS. Please your Majesty, I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did; there's no name signed at the end.

KING OF HEARTS. If you didn't sign it, that only makes the matter worse. You *must* have meant some mischief, or else you'd

have signed your name like an honest man (*general clapping of hands*).

QUEEN OF HEARTS. That *proves* his guilt.

ALICE. It proves nothing of the sort! Why, you don't even know what they're about!

KING OF HEARTS. Read them.

WHITE RABBIT (*puts on his spectacles*). Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?

KING OF HEARTS. Begin at the beginning (*gravely*) and go on till you come to the end, then stop.

WHITE RABBIT (*reads*).

"They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

"He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true);
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

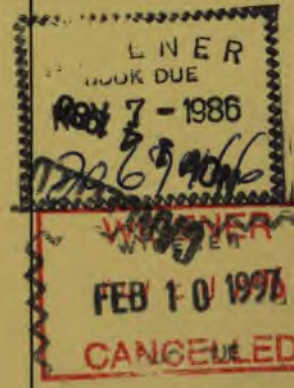
"I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

"If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

"My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

"Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me."

KING OF HEARTS. That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet (*rubbing his hands*) so now let the jury —

ALICE. If any one of them can explain it, I'll give him sixpence. *I* don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it.

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